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CARGO OF DEATH



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**PACKED
WITH
DRAMATIC
BATTLE
ACTION!**



SIX GREAT ISSUES EVERY MONTH

CARGO of DEATH

IN THE DEADLY U-BOAT WAR IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN, THE GERMANS HELD MANY ISLAND BASES WHERE THEIR UNDERWATER FLEET COULD HIDE AND REFUEL. EVENTUALLY THE BRITISH, MEETING FEROCITY WITH FEROCITY, AND CUNNING WITH CUNNING, BEGAN TO ATTACK THESE BASES.



THIS IS THE STORY OF TWO MEN WHO, IN A STRANGE WAY, BECAME VITALLY INVOLVED IN THAT GRIM STRUGGLE...

Chapter 1. U-BOAT MENACE

ONE NIGHT IN 1943, A GERMAN RADAR STATION ON THE GREEK ISLAND OF KEPHALOS PICKED UP SIGNIFICANT "BLIPS" ON ITS SCREEN...



WITHIN MINUTES, THREE U-BOATS SET OFF FROM THEIR CONCEALED BASE ON KYNASTRO ISLAND. USING NEW APPARATUS TO CONFUSE THE SEARCHING DESTROYERS AND CORVETTES, THE U-BOATS GOT AMONG THE CONVOY AND LOOSED THEIR MURDEROUS TORPEDOES...



AMONG THE SHIPS THAT WENT DOWN THAT NIGHT WAS THE *S.S. STRANDORE*, 9,000 TONS. SHE SANK IN SHALLOW WATER AND IN THAT TIDELESS SEA, HER SUPERSTRUCTURE LAY HIDDEN JUST BELOW THE SURFACE...



BY A STRANGE QUIRK OF FATE THAT SHIP WAS TO PLAY HER PART, WEEKS LATER, IN THE SECRET DRAMA THAT WAS PLANNED TO BRING DISASTER TO THE ENEMY...

THIS LATEST BLOW STUNG THE BRITISH HIGH COMMAND IN CAIRO INTO RETALIATION.

QUITE OBVIOUSLY THE ENEMY RADAR STATION ON KEPHALOS SPOTTED THE CONVOY, AND GUIDED THE U-BOATS TO THE SPOT. THAT RADAR INSTALLATION MUST BE ELIMINATED!



995 COMMANDO, BASED IN ALEXANDRIA, CARRIED OUT THE RAID. AMONG THEM WAS PRIVATE JOHN FORSTER...

QUEER BLOKE, THAT FORSTER! A RIGHT LONE WOLF!

SEEMS TO HAVE A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER ALL THE TIME, IF YOU ASK ME!



SURPRISE WAS TO BE THE KEYNOTE OF THE OPERATION. THE LANDING CRAFT SLID QUIETLY INTO SHORE, THE RAMPS WENT DOWN...



THEN SUDDENLY, THE CLIFFS WERE RINGED WITH FLAMES, A ROARING HURRICANE OF AUTOMATIC AND SMALL ARMS FIRE SLASHED INTO THE RAIDERS.

STRAIGHT UP, LADS! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



BY SHEER BAD LUCK, THE RAID HAD GONE IN WHEN THE GERMAN GARRISON HAD BEEN CARRYING OUT A DEFENSIVE EXERCISE.

THE SPIRIT AND IRON TRAINING OF THE COMMANDOS WAS THE ONLY THING THAT SAVED THEM FROM ANNIHILATION. THEY STORMED UP THE CLIFFS, HUGGING THE ROCKS, EXCHANGING BULLET FOR BULLET...



AT THE TOP, THEY FELL ON THE GERMANS
VENGEFULLY, FOR MANY OF THEIR
COMRADES HAD FALLEN IN THAT
SUICIDAL ASSAULT.



THE SURVIVING GERMANS
FLED INLAND...

TEUFEL!
THEY ARE
MANIACS!



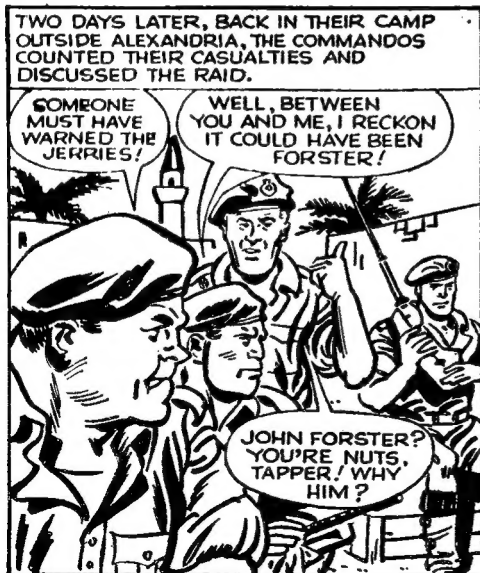
THE DEMOLITION PARTIES GOT TO WORK AND WITHIN MINUTES, A SERIES OF SHATTERING EXPLOSIONS BLEW THE RADAR INSTALLATIONS INTO FLAMING RUIN.



TWO DAYS LATER, BACK IN THEIR CAMP OUTSIDE ALEXANDRIA, THE COMMANDOS COUNTED THEIR CASUALTIES AND DISCUSSED THE RAID.

SOMEONE MUST HAVE WARNED THE JERRIES!

WELL, BETWEEN YOU AND ME, I RECKON IT COULD HAVE BEEN FORSTER!



BECAUSE HE'S A GERMAN, THAT'S WHY! HIS REAL NAME IS FUERSTER. I'VE JUST HAD A LETTER FROM A MATE OF MINE IN THE FUSILIERS, THE UNIT FORSTER FIRST CAME FROM. HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT HIM!





THAT'S NOT THE WAY I LOOK AT IT / YOU OUGHT NOT TO BE IN THE COMMANDOS. YOU'RE A SECURITY RISK! I RECKON THAT WITH YOUR WALKIE-TALKIE IT WOULD BE EASY FOR YOU TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR GERMAN PALS, AND GIVE 'EM THE TIP OFF!



TINY GOT NO FURTHER...



I'M AS GOOD AN ENGLISHMAN AS ANY OF YOU! NOW-ANYONE ELSE WANT TO CALL ME A TRAITOR!



CORPORAL FOLSOM CAME HURRYING OVER, BEFORE HE HAD GOT HIS TAPES, HE AND TINY TAPPER HAD BEEN BOSOM PALS.

CAUSING TROUBLE AGAIN, FORSTER? WHY DON'T YOU SAVE YOUR SCRAPPING FOR THE GERMANS!

HE ASKED FOR IT!



WHEN JOHN FORSTER HAD FIRST COME TO THE COMMANDOS, HE SEEMED TO HAVE GOT OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT. HE WAS NOT A MAN WHO MIXED EASILY, BUT HE HAD ONE CLOSE FRIEND—TOM COOPER.

WHEN I JOINED THIS LOT I THOUGHT NO-ONE WOULD KNOW ABOUT ME. IS IT MY FAULT THAT MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER CAME FROM GERMANY?



DON'T LET 'EM GET YOU DOWN, JOHN. AND DON'T GET ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THAT PERISHER, FOLSOM. HE'S GOT TWO TAPES, HE'LL BEAT YOU EVERY TIME!

MEANWHILE, THE CAIRO HIGH COMMAND WERE FAR FROM SATISFIED WITH THE U-BOAT SITUATION, AND FRESH BRAINS WERE BROUGHT TO BEAR UPON THE PROBLEM...

MY IDEA IS BASED ON THE TROJAN HORSE TRICK, SIR. WE PUT PICKED COMMANDOS IN THE HOLD OF AN OLD MERCHANT SHIP, WHICH WILL LOOK AS THOUGH IT HAS BEEN BADLY DAMAGED.



WE LET THIS SHIP APPROACH THE ISLAND BASE OF KYNASTRO, WHEN THE GERMANS WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY SHELL IT. BUT IN FACT, WE'LL SCUTTLE IT IN SHALLOW WATER. THE CREW WILL TAKE TO THE BOATS, WHILE THE HIDDEN COMMANDOS WILL BIDE THEIR TIME AND MAKE A SURPRISE ATTACK!



VARIOUS EXPERTS WERE CALLED IN TO THRASH OUT THE DETAILS...

BUT WHO ARE YOU GOING TO GET AS MASTER OF THIS OLD TRAMP STEAMER!



I'VE GOT THE VERY MAN FOR THE JOB IN MIND, SIR. A MERCHANT NAVY TYPE CALLED GANTRY. WE COULD FLY HIM OUT HERE FROM MERSEY-SIDE!

WITHIN HOURS, A MAN FROM THE ADMIRALTY TRAVELLED DOWN TO BINGHAMPTON TO SEE CAPTAIN FRED GANTRY.

YES, THAT'S CAP'N GANTRY. HE LOST THE OLD *INDIAN QUEEN* IN A COLLISION. NEVER BEEN GIVEN ANOTHER SHIP - HE'S GONE DOWN - HILL A LOT SINCE THEN!

THAT SO?

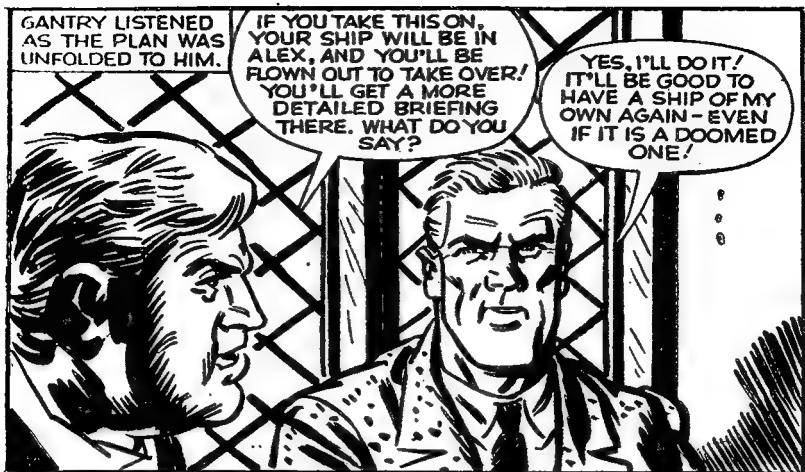


THE ADMIRALTY MAN WAITED FOR HIS CHANCE AND GOT GANTRY ON HIS OWN.

I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT YOU KNOW THE GREEK ISLANDS AND THE REEFS AND TRICKY WATERS IN THAT AREA AS WELL AS ANY MAN ALIVE.

WELL - MAYBE!





AFTERWARDS, CAPTAIN GANTRY HURRIED HOME TO THE LONELY COTTAGE ON THE CLIFFS WHERE HE LIVED.



ONCE IN HIS COTTAGE, GANTRY REMOVED CERTAIN SECTIONS OF FLOORBOARD AND BROUGHT OUT A RADIO TRANSMITTER. TWENTY MINUTES LATER, HE WAS IN TOUCH WITH THE *ABWEHR* - THE GERMAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SERVICE.



IN THE *ABWEHR* HEADQUARTERS
IN COLOGNE THEY RECEIVED HIS
MESSAGE WITH GREAT INTEREST.

UP TILL NOW, OUR HERR
GANTRY HASN'T GIVEN
US VERY VALUABLE
INFORMATION, BUT THIS
IS SOMETHING REALLY
BIG!

I DON'T THINK WE CAN COMPLAIN
ABOUT GANTRY. HIS CONVOY INFORMATION
HAS ALWAYS BEEN RELIABLE, AND IT WASN'T
HIS FAULT THAT OUR LAST ATTACK ON A BIG
CONVOY COST US FOUR U-BOATS!

HIMMEL! WHAT A RECEPTION
WE WILL ARRANGE FOR THOSE
COMMANDOS. THERE THEY'LL
BE, EXPECTING TO
SURPRISE US, AND
INSTEAD, THEY
WILL BE CAUGHT
LIKE RATS IN A
TRAP!

Chapter 2. TRAITOR ABOARD

HACK IN ALEXANDRIA,
THE 995 COMMANDO
WENT INTO SPECIAL
TRAINING FOR THE
RAID.

COME ON,
FORSTER! GET
A MOVE ON!

HAVE A HEART, CORP!
I'VE GOT EXTRA
WEIGHT. THIS WALKIE-
TALKIE ISN'T SO
LIGHT!



DON'T GIVE ME ANY
OF YOUR LIP, FORSTER!
IF I SAY JUMP - YOU
JUMP, SEE!



SOME OF THE TRAINING
WAS CARRIED OUT ON
AN OLD HULK OUT IN
THE BAY.

THIS IS SOME-
THING LIKE THE
SHIP THAT WILL
BE USED. WE'VE

GOT TO PRACTISE
GETTING UP FROM THE
BOTTOM OF THE SHIP'S
HOLD AND INTO THE L.C.
QUICKLY AND QUIETLY!



ONCE AGAIN, JOHN FORSTER FELL FOUL OF THE BULLYING CORPORAL FOLSOM.

TOO SLOW, FORSTER - TOO SLOW! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO - SABOTAGE THE WHOLE THING TO HELP YOUR JERRY MATES?



SOMETHING SNAPPED IN JOHN FORSTER THEN...

UGH!





THE CORPORAL TOPPLED BACKWARDS, SEE-SAWED ON THE SHIP'S RAIL - AND THEN PLUNGED HEADLONG DOWN THE SHIP'S SIDE...



JOHN WAS HORRIFIED - AND IMMEDIATELY SPRANG TO THE RAIL TO DIVE AFTER FOLSAM. BUT A SERGEANT CLAMPED AN IRON HAND ON HIS ARM...



SEVERAL OTHER MEN
DIVED IN AND THE
DAZED CORPORAL
WAS RESCUED.



BUT THAT WAS BESIDE
THE POINT. JOHN
FORSTER WAS ESCORTED
BACK TO THE GUARDROOM
UNDER CLOSE ARREST.

WHAT DID YOU DO
A THING LIKE THAT
FOR, MATE? YOU CAN'T
SLUG A CORPORAL AND
HALF KILL HIM AND
GET AWAY WITH IT!





AT THE COURT-MARTIAL, EVERYTHING WENT AGAINST JOHN...



THE VERDICT WAS
A FOREGONE
CONCLUSION...

YOU ARE VERY LUCKY YOU ARE
NOT STANDING HERE ON A
MURDER CHARGE! YOU BELONG
TO A CRACK UNIT WHICH IS VERY
JEALOUS OF ITS RECORD AND
REPUTATION. YOU WILL GO
TO DETENTION FOR TWO
YEARS!



THE GLASSHOUSE-
A HELL ON EARTH!
AND FOR TWO YEARS!



BY NOW, CAPTAIN GANTRY HAD BEEN
FLOWN OUT TO ALEXANDRIA AND GIVEN
HIS SHIP. THAT FIRST EVENING HE
FOUND THE OPPORTUNITY TO USE THE
WIRELESS CABIN TO GET IN TOUCH
WITH THE BRANCH OF THE *ABWEHR*
BASED IN CRETE.

EVERYTHING GOING
ACCORDING TO PLAN.
I HAVE YOUR MAN,
CARL, SIGNED
ON AS A RADIO
OPERATOR. I
AM EXPECTING
THE COMMANDO
DETACHMENT
ABOARD ON
THE FOURTH.
I WILL KEEP
IN TOUCH!



IN THE MEANTIME, TWO MILITARY POLICEMEN WERE ESCORTING JOHN FORSTER TO CAIRO—AND THE CONDEMNED MAN KNEW HIS HOURS OF FREEDOM WERE NUMBERED.

I CAN'T FACE TWO YEARS BEHIND BARS. I'VE GOT TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!



THE TRAIN HAD PICKED UP SPEED AND THE M.P.s WERE JUST SETTLING DOWN IN THEIR SEATS WHEN JOHN MADE HIS DESPERATE MOVE...

HEY!



THE POLICEMEN YANKED THE COMMUNICATION CORD AND AS THE TRAIN SLOWED DOWN THEY JUMPED. BUT FORSTER ALREADY HAD A HUNDRED YARDS START.



DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT - BUT AIM LOW!

SHOTS RANG OUT AND TWO BULLETS WHISTLED PAST JOHN.

HECK! THEY REALLY MEAN IT!



RUNNING FAST, HE DREW AWAY FROM HIS PURSUERS AND WAS SOON ABLE TO DIVE INTO A MAZE OF ALLEYS.





SO WHEN THE SEAMEN WENT BACK TO THEIR SHIP JOHN ACCOMPANIED THEM AS FAR AS THE DOCK GATES.



SOME TIME LATER, TWO LORRIES DREW UP NEAR THE GATES, AND A PARTY OF SAPPERS GOT DOWN AND BEGAN TO UNLOAD ENGINEERING STORES. SOME OF THEM STRUGGLED THROUGH THE GATES WITH THEIR GEAR, SO JOHN HURRIED ACROSS TO HELP THEM.



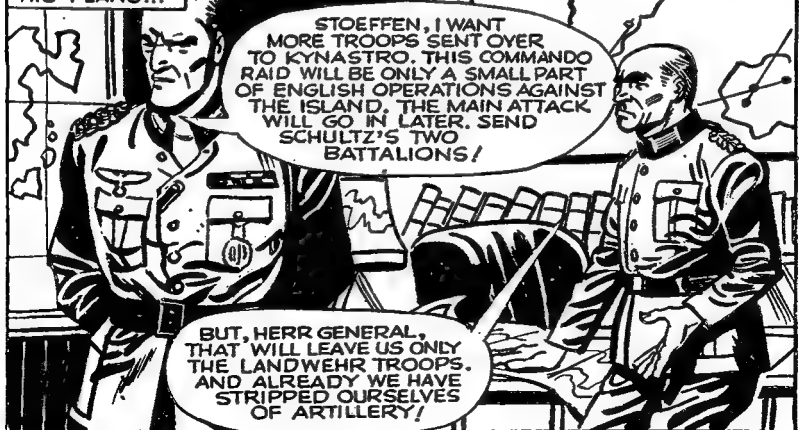
AS SOON AS HE COULD, HE SLIPPED AWAY INTO THE SHADOWS. THE BOWS OF THE SHIP WERE IN DARKNESS. HE WAITED FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT AND THEN CLAMBERED UP THE HAWSER.



KEEPING TO THE SHADOWS,
HE STOLE UP ON TO THE BOAT
DECK, WHERE HE HID IN ONE
OF THE LIFEBOATS.



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, ON THE
BIG ISLAND BASE OF CLEROS,
TWENTY MILES FROM KYNASTRO,
GENERAL DIETER WAS MAKING
HIS PLANS...





HIDDEN UNDER THE TARPULIN, JOHN FORSTER HEARD A LOT OF TRAMPING AND SHOUTING THAT NIGHT, AND AT DAYLIGHT, THE *VOLPARD* PUT TO SEA...

THEY'RE SURE TO FIND ME BEFORE WE REACH GIBRALTAR, BUT I'LL STAY HIDDEN AS LONG AS I CAN.



HE HAD STUFFED HIS POCKETS WITH BISCUITS AND CHOCOLATE BARS FROM AN ALL-NIGHT CANTEN BEFORE GETTING INTO THE DOCKS. BUT EVENTUALLY IT WAS THIRST THAT DROVE HIM OUT OF HIDING...

I'LL HAVE TO GO BELOW DECKS TO FIND FRESH WATER. THIS IS GOING TO BE DICEY!

CABIN



A'S JOHN PASSED THE RADIO CABIN,
HE HEARD SOMETHING THAT BROUGHT
HIM UP SHORT...

ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG!
GANTRY CALLING
FROM THE S.S.
VOLPARO...

BUT - BUT
THAT'S GERMAN!
SOMEONE IN THERE
IS SPEAKING
IN GERMAN!



I HAVE FIFTY COMMANDOS
ABOARD, WHO WILL HIDE IN
THE HOLD. WHEN THE SHIP
APPEARS TO SINK, WE
SHALL BE OFF KYNASTRO
BEFORE DAWN...

THE TRUTH STRUCK JOHN FORSTER LIKE A BLOW...

THIS IS THE SHIP OUR LADS ARE ON! THE TROJAN HORSE STUNT. ALL THAT TRAMPING I HEARD THE FIRST NIGHT WAS THEM COMING ABOARD. NOW THERE'S A TRAITOR ABOARD WARNING THE JERRIES WE'RE COMING!



THE IRONY OF THE SITUATION BROUGHT A BITTER GRIN TO HIS LIPS.

I'VE GOT TO TELL OUR CHAPS. AND BANG GOES ALL HOPE OF ESCAPE. I'M BACK WHERE I STARTED - HEADED FOR THE GLASSHOUSE!



A SLIGHT SOUND BROUGHT HIM WHIPPING AROUND.

THE RADIO OPERATOR THAT WAS IN THE BAR WITH THOSE TWO SEAMEN. THE DUTCHMAN - WILLEMS!



JOHN THREW UP HIS ARM IN AN
INSTINCTIVE GESTURE OF
PROTECTION, BUT BEFORE HE
COULD SHOUT, A BLOW FELL
HIM.

UGH!



WHAT IS THIS,
CARL? WHAT'S
HAPPENING!

I FOUND THIS MAN
EAVESDROPPING. HE
MUST HAVE HEARD YOU
SPEAKING IN GERMAN.
HE'S ONE OF THE
COMMANDOS!





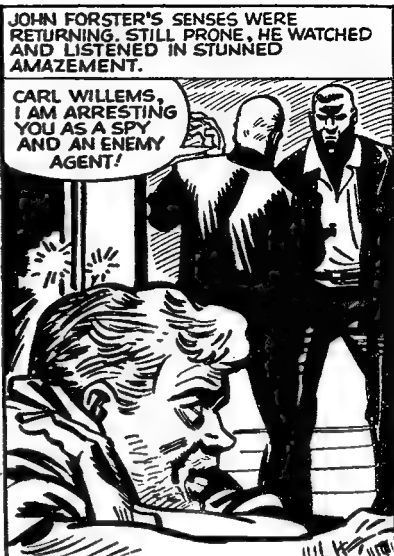




THEN...

KEEP YOUR
HANDS UP,
WILLEMS!

BUT-BUT YOU
MUST BE MAD!
PUT THAT GUN
DOWN!



JOHN FORSTER'S SENSES WERE
RETURNING. STILL PRONE, HE WATCHED
AND LISTENED IN STUNNED
AMAZEMENT.

CARL WILLEMS,
I AM ARRESTING
YOU AS A SPY
AND AN ENEMY
AGENT!



UNDERSTANDING CAME
SLOWLY TO WILLEMS...

YOU DOUBLE-
CROSSING
ENGLANDER
SWINE!

NOTHING TREACHEROUS
ABOUT ME, WILLEMS. I HAVE
BEEN FOOLING YOU. I'M IN
BRITISH MILITARY INTELLIGENCE!

AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, THE WRECK
OF THE *S.S. STRANDORE*, SUNK BY
IT BOAT, MANY WEEKS BEFORE,
WAS TAILED TO PLAY HER PART. HER
STRUCTURE WAS IN THE
PATH OF THE *VOLPARO*...



THE *VOLPARO* LURCHED VIOLENTLY,
THROWING EVERYONE OFF
BALANCE. CAPTAIN GENTRY WAS
HURLED AGAINST THE WALL OF
THE RADIO CABIN.



BEFORE GENTRY COULD RECOVER,
WILLEMS STRUCK VICIOUSLY...



I CAN'T SHOOT HIM.
CAN'T RISK THE SOUND
OF THE SHOT BEING
HEARD BY THE CREW.
I'LL FINISH HIM
LATER!



FRANTICALLY ANXIOUS TO WARN
THE GARRISONS ON CLEROS
AND KYNASTRO THAT
SOMETHING HAD GONE
WRONG AND THAT THEY
WERE BEING TRICKED,
WILLEMS RUSHED TO THE
RADIO TRANSMITTER...





WILLEM'S GUN EXPLODED
DEAFENINGLY IN THE
CONFINED SPACE AND
JOHN DROPPED LIMPLY.



BUT THE INTERRUPTION GAVE
GANTRY THE SECONDS HE
NEEDED...



INCH BY INCH, THE GERMAN'S GUN WAS BEING FORCED BACK UNTIL A STRANGLING GROAN OF DESPAIR BROKE FROM HIM. THEN THE GUN WENT OFF LIKE THE CRACK OF DOOM...



GANTRY STAGGERED OVER TO THE TRANSMITTER AND INSTEAD OF A WARNING REACHING THE GERMANS ON CLEROS, IT WAS ANOTHER CONFIRMATORY MESSAGE.



WE ARE NOW WITHIN TWO HOURS STEAMING OF KYNASTRO. ALL GOES WELL...

THEN GANTRY BENT OVER THE YOUNG COMMANDO AND FOUND THAT HE WAS STILL ALIVE. HURRIEDLY, HE SUMMONED THE COMMANDOS...



HE'S GOT A GROOVE IN THE TOP OF HIS SKULL, BUT HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, SIR!

SOON JOHN FORSTER BEGAN TO TAKE IN WHAT HAD HAPPENED. HE REALISED HIS ESCAPE BID HAD FAILED. DIMLY, HE HEARD CAPTAIN LEIGH'S VOICE...

YES, HE'S ONE OF OUR MEN ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW ON EARTH HE GOT ABOARD HERE! THE LAST WE KNEW OF HIM HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO DETENTION IN CAIRO!



AS THE VOLPARO LAY ROCKING IN THE SWELL, A DESTROYER SLID ALONGSIDE...

ALL READY TO RECEIVE YOUR MEN, CAPTAIN!

ALL READY HERE!



Chapter 3. DOOMED SHIP

STILL DAZED AND SHAKEN, JOHN FORSTER TRIED TO GRASP WHAT IT ALL MEANT. PLAINLY, THE ORIGINAL PLAN HAD BEEN CHANGED AND THE COMMANDOS, INSTEAD OF LYING HIDDEN IN THE HOLD WERE BEING TRANSFERRED TO THE DESTROYER.



CONFUSED, HARDLY KNOWING WHAT HE WAS DOING, JOHN QUIETLY ROLLED OFF THE STRETCHER AND SLIPPED OFF INTO THE DARKNESS. OF ONE THING HE WAS QUITE SURE, HE DID NOT WANT TO STICK WITH THE COMMANDOS.

I'LL STAND A BETTER CHANCE WITH THE CAPTAIN OF THIS OLD TRAMP. LOOKS AS THOUGH THE WHOLE OF THIS KYNASTRO PLAN IS NOW OFF. WE MIGHT END UP IN GIB. AFTER ALL!





AS SOON AS THE DESTROYER HAD GONE WITH HER COMPLIMENT OF COMMANDOS, CAPTAIN GANTRY SAILED ON WITH A SKELETON CREW.

SHE'S SPRUNG A BAD LEAK SINCE SCRAPING THAT WRECK. SIR. I'VE GOT THE PUMPS GOING, BUT SHE'S BEGINNING TO LIST!



THE SWEEPING SEARCHLIGHTS
PICKED UP THE OLD TRAMP STEAMER.



START FIRING INDEPENDENTLY,
BUT MAKE SURE YOU DON'T HIT
HER. WE WANT THOSE COMMANDOS
ALIVE! AT THE SAME TIME, WE WANT
TO MAKE IT LOOK AS THOUGH WE'RE
TRYING TO SINK HER!

WITH THE MATE, BENNETT,
CAPTAIN GANTRY PEERED
INTO THE GLARE OF THE
SEARCHLIGHTS.



WE SHOULD
HIT THE REEF
ANY TIME NOW,
MISTER MATE. HAVE
YOU GOT THE RUBBER
BOATS READY?

YES, THEY'RE
TOWING ASTERN,
SIR. WE'RE ALL READY
TO LEAVE. I ONLY HOPE
OUR SUBMARINE IS
WHERE SHE'S
SUPPOSED TO BE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER,
THERE WAS A GRINDING
CRASH, AND THE TRAMP
SHUDDERED TO A HALT.

THAT'S IT,
MISTER!

BANG
ON, SIR!



GANTRY ORDERED THE MATE AND THE
OTHERS TO TAKE TO THE BOATS.

WHAT
ABOUT YOU,
SIR!

JUST LEAVE ME ONE
OF THOSE RUBBER
DINGHIES AND I'LL
MAKE MY OWN WAY
TO THE SUB. I'VE GOT
A JOB TO DO FIRST,
REMEMBER?



WHEN THE MATE AND THE OTHERS
PADDLED AWAY, THEY WERE HIDDEN
BY THE SHIP'S STERN FROM THE
PROBING BEAMS OF THE SEARCH-
LIGHTS.

DON'T
LIKE LEAVING
THE OLD MAN.
BUT HE SAID
HE'D BE
OKAY!



GANTRY'S FIRST MOVE WAS TO THE RADIO CABIN, WHERE HE SENT A FINAL MESSAGE...

GANTRY CALLING. THE COMMANDOS ARE HIDING IN THE HOLD AND SUSPECT NOTHING. THE PLAN HAS WORKED PERFECTLY. COME OUT AND GET THEM, THEY ARE TRAPPED!



NEXT GANTRY LIMPED DOWN TO NUMBER 3 HOLD. THE HATCH COVERS WERE OFF AND HE LOWERED HIMSELF DOWN THE SPIDERY LADDER TO WHERE STACKS OF CASES HALF-FILLED THE HOLD. HERE HE TOOK FROM HIS POCKET AN OBJECT LIKE AN ALARM CLOCK.



AS HE CLIMBED BACK HIS LEG, WHICH HE HAD TWISTED IN HIS STRUGGLE WITH WILLEMS, GAVE UNDER HIM. HE DROPPED BACK WITH SUCH A JERK HE LOST HIS GRIP AND FELL...



DOWN BETWEEN A STACK OF BOXES HE PLUNGED AND LANDED WITH AN AGONISING IMPACT. AS HE TRIED TO MOVE, A CRY OF PAIN ESCAPED HIM.



IT SEEMED TO CAPTAIN GENTRY IN THOSE TERRIBLE MOMENTS THAT HE COULD HEAR THE TICKING OF THE TIME FUSE HE HAD JUST SET AMONG THE SCORES OF BOXES OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES. HE HAD CLEVERLY BAITED A TRAP FOR THE GERMANS - AND NOW HE WAS CAUGHT IN IT HIMSELF.



GENTRY WAS A BRAVE MAN,
BUT HIS FACE WAS WET WITH
SWEAT, AND LIFE WAS
TICKING AWAY FOR HIM. THEN
HE HEARD A SOUND...



WHO —
WHAT...?

JOHN FORSTER, DIZZY AND SICK
WITH PAIN FROM HIS HEAD WOUND,
HAD BEEN LYING IN HIDING ON THE
WELL DECK WHEN HE HAD SEEN
GENTRY ENTER THE HOLD.



I DON'T KNOW IF
I CAN DO IT, BUT I'VE
GOT TO TRY!



BY SHEER WILL POWER,
HE HEAVED GANTRY UP
TO WHERE HE COULD
REACH THE LADDER.



INCH BY INCH THEY CLIMBED UPWARD.
WHEN THEY GOT ON DECK, THE DISTANT
THROB OF ENGINES COULD BE HEARD.

HERE COME THE GERMANS!
SOME OF GENERAL DIETER'S
S.S. THUGS AND KILLERS!



JOHN FORSTER NEVER KNEW HOW
HE GOT THE CRIPPLED CAPTAIN
INTO THE BOAT.



ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE, HE
SUMMONED THE LAST OUNCES
OF HIS STRENGTH.



SOON THE U.S. MEN WERE SWARMING
ABOARD THE STRANDED OLD TRAMP..



REMEMBER WE TALK THEM ALIVE
IF WE CAN. THOSE ARE THE GENERAL'S
ORDERS. HE HAS HIS OWN WAY OF
DEALING WITH THESE MURDERING
COMMANDOS!



COME ON OUT,
COMMANDOS! WE
KNOW YOU ARE DOWN
THERE. YOU ARE
TRAPPED!

WHEN NO REPLY CAME FROM THE HOLD, THE LEUTENANT FLASHED HIS TORCH DOWNWARDS.

THERE IS NOTHING THERE BUT CARGO. UNLESS THEY ARE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE BENEATH THOSE BOXES.



BY THIS TIME, SOME OF THE S.S. MEN HAD CLIMBED TO THE BOAT DECK...

IT'S THE RADIO OPERATOR! HE'S DEAD - SHOT!

BUT - BUT HE'S ONE OF OUR OWN MEN! THAT WAS PART OF THE PLAN!



ALL THIS TIME JOHN FORSTER WAS STRAINING EVERY NERVE TO GET AS FAR FROM THE DOOMED SHIP AS HE COULD. THEN GANTRY SAW A LIGHT WINKING ACROSS THE WATER.



ABOARD THE *VOLPARO* THE GERMANS' UNEASINESS WAS GROWING. ONE OF THEM RIPPED OPEN A CASE IN THE HOLD.

EXPLOSIVES!
THE HOLD IS FULL
OF THEM. IT'S
A TRAP!



THEN THE WORLD ENDED FOR THEM
IN A GIGANTIC EXPLOSION THAT
TURNED NIGHT INTO DAY.



THE TREMENDOUS BLAST SENT SHOCK WAVES
PULSATING ACROSS THE SEA. THE LITTLE
RUBBER BOAT ALMOST CAPSIZED.



MECHANICALLY, JOHN ROWED ON
BUT HE WAS SOME FIFTY YARDS
FROM THE SUBMARINE WHEN ALL
STRENGTH DRAINED OUT OF HIM.
HE SLUMPED OVER THE OARS...



MEANWHILE, WHILE THE SHOCKED DEFENDERS OF KYNASTRO WERE WAITING FOR AN ATTACK THAT NEVER CAME, 995 COMMANDO, UNDER CAPTAIN LEIGH, WENT IN AGAINST THE FAR MORE IMPORTANT ISLAND BASE OF CLEROS.



THE GARRISON, WITH MOST OF ITS TROOPS AND ARTILLERY TRANSFERRED TO KYNASTRO, WAS SOON OVERWHELMED.



ON THE VOYAGE BACK TO ALEXANDRIA, CAPTAIN GANTRY EXPLAINED EVERYTHING TO THE YOUNG COMMANDO...

I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR M.I. FIVE FOR YEARS. I PENETRATED GERMAN SECURITY BY PRETENDING TO BE A TRAITOR AND WORKING FOR THEM.



WHEN I GAVE INFORMATION TO THE ENEMY ABOUT CONVOY SAILINGS IT WAS A TRAP, FOR OUR U-BOAT HUNTERS WOULD BE THERE IN GREAT FORCE. AS FOR THIS LAST STUNT, IT WAS AN ELABORATE DOUBLE BLUFF, WITH THE ORIGINAL PLAN BEING CHANGED COMPLETELY. BUT IT WORKED - THANKS TO YOU!



BACK IN ALEXANDRIA, ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS CAPTAIN GANTRY DID WAS TO SEEK AN INTERVIEW WITH THE BRITISH MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

I KNOW THIS MAN, FORSTER, COMMITTED A SERIOUS MILITARY CRIME, AND DESERVES SOME PUNISHMENT. HE SAVED MY LIFE TWICE, AND IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM THE WHOLE OPERATION WOULD HAVE FAILED! SURELY, GENTLEMEN, THIS IS A CASE FOR CLEMENCY!



SO INSTEAD OF SERVING
TWO YEARS, JOHN FORSTER
SERVED TWO MONTHS.


THE G.O.C. HAS
TAKEN A LENIENT VIEW
OF YOUR CASE. YOU WILL
GO BACK TO THE COMMANDOS,
AND SOLDIER ON. AND MIND
YOU DON'T COME BACK
HERE!

I'LL SEE
TO THAT,
SIR!




POINT BLANK

IN 1945 THE GERMAN SIEGFRIED LINE HAD BEEN OVER-RUN AND SERGEANT TUG WILSON AND HIS MEN OF THE ROYAL PIONEER CORPS HAD BEEN GIVEN THE JOB OF CLEARING UP.




HOW MANY MORE
O' THESE GUN CHARGES
ARE THERE, SARGE?
I'M FED UP AT THE
SIGHT OF 'EM!

AND I'M
FED UP WITH
YOUR MOANING,
JONES.



IT'S GOING TO TAKE
A MONTH TO CLEAR THIS
LITTLE LOT. THEN THE
DEMOLITION CAN START.
SO KEEP MOVIN',
YOU LAYABOUTS.



THERE COULD BE WORSE JOBS.
LIKE FOR EVER SCRAPPIN'
WITH THE KRAUTS.
THEY MUST BE PRETTY
DESPERATE BY NOW.

AND NON MORE DESPERATE THAN LEUTNANT HELMUT MOSSLER, WHO WITH HIS GUN-CREW, HAD GONE TO EARTH WHEN THE LINE HAD BEEN TAKEN...



TUG LED HIS MEN BACK DOWN BELOW FOR ANOTHER LOAD OF GUN CHARGES. THEN...



THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TUG AND HIS MEN COULD DO...



TUG SLAMMED THE STEEL DOOR
SHUT JUST IN TIME.

PIPPED 'EM!
THEY WON'T BE
ABLE TO
GET IN HERE.



SCHMEISSER SLUGS BEAT A TATTOO
ON THE DOOR, BUT THE STEEL HELD...

WHERE THE
HECK DID
THEY
COME FROM?



BEATS ME. THEY
MUST HAVE BEEN IN
SOME SECRET HIDEOUT
ALL THE TIME. THEY'LL
HAVE TO MOVE SOON
THOUGH, AN' THEN WE'LL
GET OUT.

THEN SOME
EVIL SMELLING
VAPOUR BEGAN
TO SEEP INTO
THE CHAMBER..

WHAT IS IT?
ARE THEY TRYING
TO GAS US?

IT'S STUFF
USED FOR
DOUSING FIRES,
IT'S POISON
ALL RIGHT!



THE DEADLY GAS BEGAN
TO TAKE EFFECT...

I'M— I'M CHOKIN'—
OPEN THE DOOR...

IF WE OPEN THE DOOR
THEY'LL BE WAITING
FOR US.



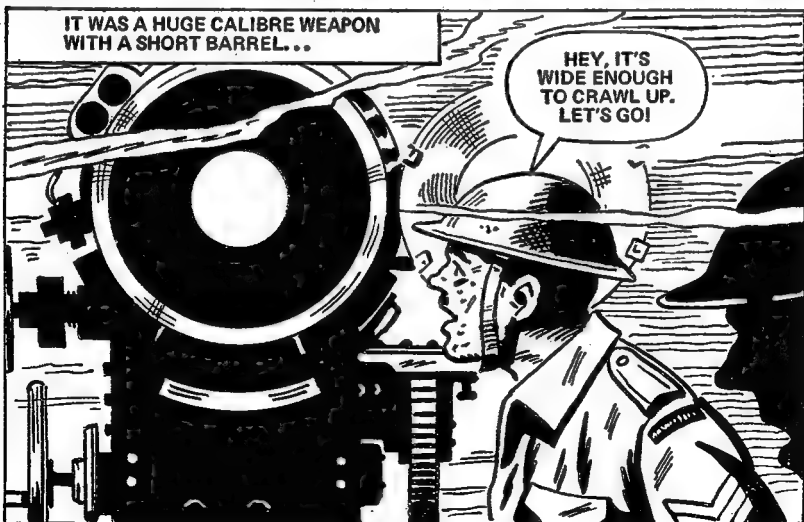
THEN TUG SAW A SOURCE
OF FRESH AIR...

HERE!
GET NEAR
TO THE
OPEN
BREECH!



IT WAS A HUGE CALIBRE WEAPON
WITH A SHORT BARREL...

HEY, IT'S
WIDE ENOUGH
TO CRAWL UP.
LET'S GO!



IT WAS A TIGHT FIT, BUT ONE AT A TIME THE MEN MADE IT...

TAKE IT STEADY AND YOU WON'T GET STUCK.



THEN...

SARGE! LOOK! THE NEXT GUN'S MOVING! THE KRAUTS MUST BE MANNING IN IT.



THEY'RE LAYING IT POINT BLANK ON THAT ROAD. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM OR IT'LL BE A SLAUGHTER.

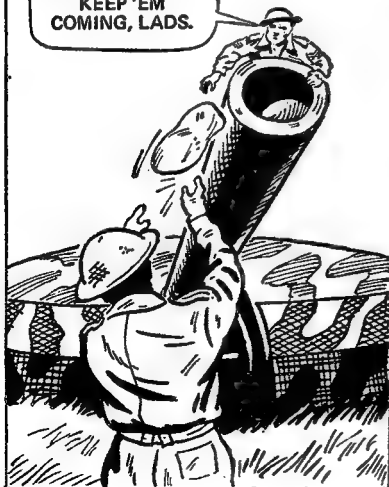


WITH THE INDIRECT LAYING, THE GERMANS
COULD NOT SEE TUG EDGING ALONG THE
BARREL.

HURRY UP!
THEY'VE JUST
LOADED A
SHELL!



RIGHT!
KEEP 'EM
COMING, LADS.



ONE BY ONE HE SLID THE POWDER
CHARGE BAGS DOWN THE MUZZLE.

THEY'VE SHUT
THE BREECH!
GET MOVING,
YOU LOT!



THEY KNEW THAT DOWN IN THE
GUN CHAMBER, THE FIRING
MECHANISM WOULD BE SET TO FIRE...

HECK! I'VE
CUT THIS
ONE FINE!



THE GUN FIRED, THE SHELL SMASHING INTO THE
PACKED POWDER BAGS. IT WAS A BLOW-BACK...

UGHI!



LATER, WHEN THE SERGEANT
CAUGHT HIS BREATH...

WELL, THAT'LL
SAVE US A
BIT OF
DEMOLITION
WORK!



HERE, SARGE, CAN'T WE DO THE
SAME WITH THE REST OF THE
POWDER BAGS? SAVE A LOT O'
CARTING ABOUT.

TO THE MEN IT SEEMED A GOOD IDEA,
BUT NOT TO TUG...



NO WE CAN'T! OUR ORDERS
ARE TO TAKE 'EM BACK TO
STORE. I'M GOING TO HAVE
TO ACCOUNT FOR THIS LITTLE
LOT AS IT IS, SO GET CRACKIN'!

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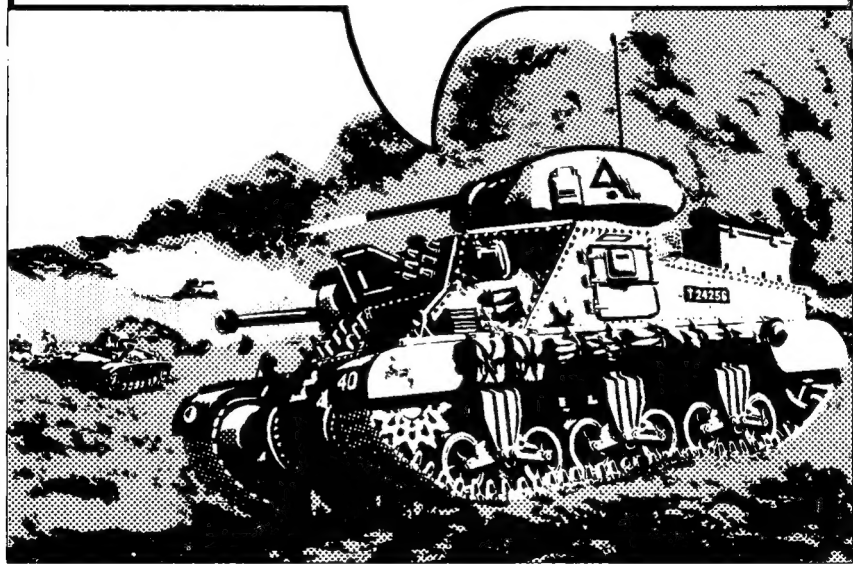
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**DON'T WORRY LADS!
ROMMEL'S GUNNERS
HAVEN'T THE **RANGE**
AIRFIX HAVE GOT!**



HUNDREDS OF DEADLY ACCURATE KITS.